

Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 25, 1874.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the Governor of Dakota Territory.

The manifold blessings enjoyed by us as a people during the year now drawing to a close, admonish us of our duty to pause at stated periods and humbly bow ourselves in thankfulness to Almighty God for the great benefits we have received at His hands.

During the year the people of Dakota Territory have escaped the convulsions, epidemics and pestilence that have afflicted other sections of our common country; the year has been characterized in an unusual degree by order, peace and obedience to constituted authority; while with average seasons the labor of the husbandman has not been unrewarded.

It is meet and proper, therefore, that we should set apart a day for the special recognition of our dependence as a people upon the mercy of Divine Providence, and to invoke a continuance of the same.

Now, therefore, recognizing this dependence upon the mercies of the All-wise Ruler of the Universe, I, JOHN L. PENNINGTON, Governor of Dakota Territory, do recommend to all citizens to lay aside all business employments and secular pursuits, and to assemble in their respective places of worship, on Thursday, the 26th day of November, instant, to render thanks to Almighty God, and to observe such day as a day of praise and thanksgiving.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory of Dakota to be affixed this 4th day of November, One [SEAL] thousand eight hundred and seventy-four. By the Governor: JOHN L. PENNINGTON. GEO. H. HAND, Secretary.

TIMBER DEPREDACTIONS.

Hon. S. S. Burdett, Commissioner of the General Land Office, under date of June 29th, 1874, in reply to a letter relating to the extent that settlers may use the timber on the public domain, lays down the following as the law:

"In the case of preemption and homestead settlers on land fit for tillage, they are restricted to timber growing on the land for purposes of building, fencing, repairs and firewood. Neither pre-emptor nor homestead settler can cut timber for sale until the former has made entry, or the latter has resided on the land for the period fixed in the law as requisite to perfect his title, and has made the final proof, paid the final commissions, and received his patent certificate.

In a former circular it is made the duty of the officers of the local land districts "to take charge of the timber business within the limits of their respective districts." The supreme court of the United States has decided that the penal act of March 2d, 1831, which provides "for the punishment of offences committed in cutting, or destroying, or removing live-oaks and other timber or trees preserved for naval purposes," extends to the "prosecution and punishment of all trespassers on public lands, by cutting timber whether such timber was fit for naval purposes or not."

Under no circumstances are the local land officers allowed to compound or compromise with any such trespassers, or receive any pay or compensation from them as acquittal or discharge therefor, or give permission to cut timber or otherwise trespass on the public lands, as there is no authority for any such proceeding; but all such offences against the law must be prosecuted and tried by the authorities duly constituted for that purpose. The law is particular to secure to the settler, with a view to cultivation, the right to use or destroy trees in clearing roads and constructing bridges, or for any other purpose connected with the improvement of his homestead, but enjoins vigilance to detect and arrest the speculator, who, in the guise of a settler, and under the sanction of a declaratory statement, may contemplate the spoliation of timber, and thereby seriously injure the public interest. Provision is made for seizing and selling at public auction timber that has been cut or removed, where the trespassers are known, or unknown, and such agency can be employed to secure the observance of the law, as the exigencies of the case may demand.

The object of the general government being to preserve and protect timber on the public domain for the use and benefit of the settler, who takes the land in good faith for occupancy and cultivation, it is particularly the interest of all who wish to see the lands of a sparsely timbered region entered upon and converted into farms, to see to it that the ruthless hand of the speculator does not in a short time deprive them of what might prove by prudent management an ample supply of timber and fuel for years.

As the belt of timber along the Missouri River in this land district has al-

ready suffered to a considerable extent at the hands of speculators, and as some may be trespassers from ignorance of the law in relation thereto, we have deemed it our duty to call attention to the recent circular of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, as well as to note some former decisions, that those who read may understand the precise situation, and to what extent settlers may use the timber on the public domain.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

Memorable Scene in the House of Representatives.

On the opening of the Twenty-Sixth Congress, in December, 1839, in consequence of a two-fold delegation from New Jersey, the House was unable for some time, to complete its organization, and presented to the country and the world the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled representatives of the people unable to form themselves into a constitutional body. On the first assemblage, the House has no officers, and the clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body till a speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the State of New Jersey, the acting clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the House from its embarrassment. Many of the able and most judicious members had addressed the House in vain, and there was nothing but confusion and disorder in prospect.

The fourth day opened, and still confusion was triumphant. But the hour of disenthralment was at hand, and a scene was presented which sent the mind back to those days when Cromwell uttered the exclamation, "Sir Harry Vane! Wee unto you, Sir Harry Vane!" and in an instant dispersed the famous Rump Parliament.

Mr. Adams, from the opening of this scene of anarchy and confusion, had maintained a profound silence. He appeared to be engaged most of the time in writing. To a common observer he seemed to be reckless of everything near him; but nothing—not the slightest incident—escaped him. The fourth day of the struggle had now commenced. Mr. Hugh H. Garland, the clerk, was directed to call the roll again.

He commenced with Maine, as was usual in those days, and was proceeding toward Massachusetts. I turned and saw that Mr. Adams was ready to get the floor at the earliest moment possible. His keen eye was riveted on the clerk; his hands clasped the front edge of his desk, where he always placed them to assist him in rising.

"New Jersey!" ejaculated Mr. Hugh H. Garland, "and the clerk has to repeat that—"

Mr. Adams sprang to the floor. "I rise to interrupt the clerk!" was his first ejaculation.

"Silence! Silence!" resounded through the hall. "Hear him, hear him!" "Hear what he has to say!" "Hear John Quincy Adams!" were the numerous ejaculations on all sides.

"It was not my intention," said he, "to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this House would succeed in organizing itself; that a speaker and clerk would be elected, and that the ordinary business of legislation would be progressed in. This is not the time or place to discuss the merits of the conflicting claimants for seats from New Jersey; that subject belongs to the House of Representatives, which, by the Constitution, is made the ultimate arbiter of the qualifications of its members. But what a spectacle we here present. We degrade and disgrace ourselves. We degrade and disgrace our constituents and the country. We do not and cannot organize; and, why? Because the clerk of this House, the mere clerk, whom we create, whom we employ, and whose existence depends upon our will, usurps the throne, and sets us, the representatives, the vice-regents of the whole American people at defiance, and holds us in contempt. And what is this clerk of yours? Is he to suspend by his mere negative, the functions of government, and put an end to this Congress? He refuses to call the roll. It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily." [Here he was interrupted by a member, who said that he was authorized to say that compulsion could not reach the clerk, who avowed that he would resign rather than call the State of New Jersey.] "Well, sir, let him resign," continued Mr. Adams, "and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along, without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way—if this clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trust confided to us by our constituents—then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the Colonial Governor Dinwiddie ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate; and, like men—"

The multitude could not contain or repress their enthusiasm any longer, but saluted the indignant speaker with

loud and deafening cheers that seemed to shake the Capitol to its centre. The turmoil, the darkness, "the very chaos of anarchy," which had for three days pervaded the American Congress, was dispelled by the magic, the talismanic influence of a single man, and once more the wheels of government and of legislation were put in motion.

Having by this powerful appeal brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting clerk to proceed in calling the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty was that the acting clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "how shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above the tumult, "I intend to put the question myself!" That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master mind.

As soon as the multitude had recovered itself and the excitement of irresponsible enthusiasm had abated, Mr. Richard Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, leaped upon one of the desks, waved his hand, and exclaimed, "I move that the Honorable John Quincy Adams take the chair of the speaker of this House and officiate as the presiding officer until the House be organized by the election of its constitutional officer. As many as are agreed to this will say aye; those—"

He had not an opportunity to complete the sentence—those who are not agreed will say no—for the universal, deafening, thundering "aye" responded to the nomination.

Hereupon it was moved and ordered that Louis Williams, of North Carolina, and Richard Barnwell Rhett conduct John Quincy Adams to the chair. In speaking of this scene, Mr. Wise, of Virginia, said: "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and, if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words, which in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence: 'I will put the question myself.'"—N. Y. News.

The Chicago Innocent as an Attorney at Law.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR: Can't say how it will pan out in the end, but it has paid first-rate this week. I don't know any more about law than Attorney-General Williams, but neither does necessity know any law; therefore, necessity and I are both responsible for my hanging out the sign and scattering the cards in this wise:

I. X. PECK.
TURNKEY AT LAW.
Bankrupts put on the right track.
Divorces a specialty.
Drachens of trust satisfactorily repaired.

I was bothered how to make a show of law books, and was obliged to take my Waverley novels bound in sheep, and scatter them promiscuously like over the table in my office. You don't know what a stunning effect they made, accompanied by an inkstand and three bundles of blank paper tied up with red tape. Landlord had a lien on my first case to secure the week's rent, and put a clerk in the office to wait for it. I was deeply immersed in the case of "Ivanhoe vs. Meg Merrilies," when the door opened and a meek-eyed gentleman entered, and quietly sliding to me, remarked in a low tone, "I want to beat my creditors."

"How—how many are there?" "Twenty-nine and two banks."

"Good—get 'em all together, and go at 'em with a club."

"I am afraid you don't understand—I mean that I want to—that is—I wish to—a—go bankrupt on them."

"Ah!—why didn't you say so at first?—easiest thing in the world; twenty-five dollars, please; no, can't charge a fifty. William step out and get this half a century changed."

"Now, my dear sir, how much do you owe?"

"\$17,000."

"How much to pay with?"

"\$23,000."

"Why your flat broke. You look like a married man? You are?—good—as a logical sequence, you have a brother-in-law and by the same rationale a mother-in-law. You see we lawyers are keen?"

(Rap at the door) "Is Mr. Peck in?"

"I have the honor madam; please be seated a few minutes."

"Now sir, tell you what to do; go buy \$9,000 more goods while your credit is good. Your mother-in-law loaned your brother-in-law \$14,000 some time since. Your brother-in-law loaned you the same amount six months ago, for which you gave your note, now due."

"I don't know of such a thing, Mr. Peck?"

"Well, you must know it or I can't advise you. See? Old lady wants your brother-in-law to pay her; he gives her your note; you confess judgment; old lady sells you out in three days by sheriff; gets her (?) money; bequeaths to her daughter, your wife. See? All kept in the family. Creditors take balance pro rata, or else you are sorry, but you go into bankruptcy." (Rap at the door.)

"Is this Mr. Peck's office?" "Your prognostications are perfectly correct, madam, it is. Pray be seated on number two."

"But, sir, suppose my creditors haul me up for fraud?"

"Don't be afraid. They don't do it one time in ten. If they do, send me two hundred and I'll try and get you out. Good day. Call again."

"William, take this twenty-five to the landlord; and William you needn't come back."

"Now, ladies, in what manner may I serve you (ten dollars each, ladies, for consultation in cases of the heart) in my legal capacity?"

"We want a divorce."

"Ah! both from the same party?"

"Sir!"

"Excuse my interrogations, my gentle visitors, but we lawyers, in a long career, see so many synchromatic phases of human existence that we are led to pause and inquire de lege whether things de novo are really what they quo warranto seem."

This pretty speech seemed to soothe them.

"The first step, ladies, to be taken in the matter of sundering matrimonial bonds which from malice prepense or otherwise have become so intrinsically 'contra bona mores' as to render the yoke, as it were, hypothetically galling; the first step, I say, is to prepare 'feri facies.'"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Peck," said number one, "I assure you it is unnecessary; the fiery face of my de tested husband from long bibulations at the intoxicating bowl is one cause of my desiring a separation."

"Any other grounds, mum?"

"Yes, sir, the Fair grounds. I have it from the best authority that he was seen on an afternoon of the Fair, having under his escort a lady who is wholly unknown to me personally, and that he was regaling her with confections at the various booths, at one to Baptist pound cake, at another to Presbyterian ice-cream and at still another to Methodist boned turkey."

"Pardon my smiling, madam, but was he observed taking any 'Roman punch?' However, please be kind enough to send me a diary, as it might be, of the various inflections you have suffered at the hands of this inhuman monster for the past, (how long did you say you had been spliced?) Yes, seven years, and, madam, if I do not make his hair stand on end with the terror of the law (not bald headed is he? No.) Well, then, I say again they will stand on end until he wish he was. Leave your case in my care, borrow fifty from the unfeeling wretch for shopping, bring it to me in a week and you shall be freed from him forever! Adieu, adieu!"

At this point I was left alone with number two. She seemed to sort of lose her courage after number one was gone, and spoke in such low tones that I found it necessary to sit very close to her to hear her at all. Goodness how she did weep. It is terrible how we lawyers are obliged to have our feelings harrowed up at times. In piteous tones she whispered the story of her grievous wrongs until I found myself blubbering in sympathy and I said, said I, don't mind my tears, my dear lady, but just whisper ahead. My afflicted female friend, said I you need a companion whose strong right arm shall mash your tormentor in the mortar of justice, confide in me, can you, will you, trust me to—

"Mr. Peck!"

By hovey, there stood Mary Ann. My head seems confused like 'in regard to the sequel, but by Mary Ann's advice I have scratched the divorce business off my sign, and hereafter will be obliged, for the sake of peace in the family, to confine myself to legitimate law.

I. X. PECK.

DIED FOR LOVE.

An English Girl's All-Absorbing Passion and Untimely End—A Sad Strange Story.

(N. Y. Graphic's London Letter, Oct. 8.)

A very strange story was told me the other day. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid, her mother was an insipid, cold and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing room and led him to the further end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I have a confession to make to you." He supposed that the impending confession was something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will however be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried."

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that!" said he. "Well then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession, I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, I will wait for two years—if then he speak to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken; and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very young man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say, or think as to the delicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and she left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of his interview.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and sign. She had done this, and she now enclosed the paper, filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," said she. "And when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food nor no drink, but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor and take what he has for you and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination made of the young lady's body. On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hands on the day when she first saw him.

A very jealous Cincinnati lady lately "woke up the wrong passenger." A gentleman and his wife were promenading the street in the twilight. A well-dressed lady rushed up suddenly behind the pair and dealt the wife a sharp blow on the temple with an iron poker. The woman fell and then the assailant ran frightened away. The male member of that promenade pair was amazed at that little incident. He carried his wife into a drug store, where she was restored to consciousness, and wondered what it was all about. The residence of the assailant was known, and she explained that she thought the man was her own husband, and she knew the woman whom he was walking with was not her husband's wife. She was exceedingly sorry for the painful mistake, and begged off. Owing to the respectability of all parties the matter was smoothed over and the poker laid away for the present.

Reminiscences of Lincoln, by his law partner and friend, Herndon: He was the greatest and best man I ever knew. I think he always felt he was dedicated to some great service. They tell a story that when he was a youth he chided his sister for a want of propriety, when some one present asked: "And pray what do you expect to make of yourself?" "President of the United States," was the answer. I never in my life knew as honest a man. Now, in our business relations he never received a fee, little or big, that he did not divide it equally, and, folding up one part in a piece of paper, write my name upon it. When I rallied him for it he replied that he might die suddenly some time, and all accounts between us would be settled. I never saw him give way to his anger but once. Then an audience refused to hear a man speak, and he swung down in the crowd and declared that the liberty of speech should be denied no man without cause. The opposition was at once put down. Usually his custom was to go off by himself when excited. Even in the most political discourses held in our front offices if the debate grew warm he would go off in the back room and stay awhile. He was the most loving, patient man that ever lived, and a man whose greatness grows on the minds of the people.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

Little they know, or even think
Of the work there is in shedding ink
By the wielders of pencil and pen—
Generally known as newspaper men—
"Jottings," "In General," "Spice of Life,"
"Variations," and "rumors,"
"Saturday Notes," and "Sunday news,"
"All sorts of paragraphs," "to amuse,"
Market reports and marine disasters,
Puffs of pills and patent plasters;
Now at the theater in white cravat,
Claw-hammer coat and open hat;
Then to the prize-ring, where you write
Slickening details of a bloody fight—
Back to the city, just in time
To report the sermon of some divine;
Steamboat collisions, smash-up of trains,
Election returns to bother your brains;
Agents dramatic, with long-winged story,
To write up his star to theatrical glory.
Deaths and marriages, murders, rows,
Balls and parties, minstrel shows,
Stock speculations, bubbles of air,
Tossed about by bull and bear;
Praising the limbo in the dancer's pose,
And next the calves in the cattle show;
Pencil in hand at the racing course,
Taking the time of a trotting horse;
Jotting down each stroke and catch
Made in a famous base ball match;
Now of a street row taking a note—
And then of a row in a college boat.
These are a few of the many things
At which the tireless pencil swings.

A Romance of the Lost Cause.

During the winter of 1863-64 it was my fortune to be president of one of the court-martials of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along the uncertain path, I at length arrived at the court ground at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military laws; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaiting the opening of court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators, as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and in response to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered, "Not Guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to the military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"My Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'Oh, mamma, I am so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy; she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Yours Mary."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked, "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected, and that night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have crossed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me! I went to my home; Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered, 'O! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough! She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough?' O, Edward, Edward, go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for heaven's

sake, save the honor of our name! And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatic vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the Court were reviewed by the Commanding General, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.

"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company."

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain clouds," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been silenced, and by it stood a solitary soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the din of battle and said: "General, I have one shell left; tell me have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank to rise no more.

Heaven knows my countrymen, I loved that lost cause, but this in which we are now engaged is no less sacred. We will do our duty in this campaign and, if need be, in the moment of death fire the last shot in our battery for the honor of Mary and Lucy.

THE GUILLOTINE.

A Double Execution.

The double execution of Moreau and Boudas had been so often announced as imminent, and the crowd had been so often disappointed, that there were fewer people present on the Place de la Roquette this morning than might have been expected. A detachment of 150 men of the Garde de Paris arrived on the place at 3 o'clock in the morning. Soon after a cart with the frame work of the guillotine and M. Roch, the executioner, accompanied by his two assistants, appeared. The Gardes de Paris formed three sides of a square round the fatal instrument, and the crowd was thus prevented from approaching, and the figures of M. Roch and his assistants could only be dimly distinguished flitting about in their ghostlike white blouses. As piece by piece they erected the guillotine, not a word was to be heard. When all was completed, M. Roch was seen to make a careful examination of the guillotine by the light of a hand lantern. This done, he caused the knife to fall two or three times, in order to assure himself that everything was in good working order. Then the executioner, accompanied by M. Claude, the head of the detective department, and Abbe Crozes, the chaplain of the prison, proceeded to Moreau's, the wife poisoner's cell, to inform the doomed man that his last hour had come. Moreau was sleeping calmly when the fatal cortege entered his cell. He received the terrible announcement very quietly, and when asked by the commissary of police whether he had any statement to make, he merely replied that he was innocent. He was left alone with the priest for five or six minutes, and then the horrible operation known as the "toilette" began. This consists in cutting away the hair from the back of the prisoner's head and neck, as well as a part of his upper garments, in order that the knife may have free play. During this operation Moreau did not utter a word. Only when his legs were being shackled he remarked: "Surely this is useless." At 6:55 the prison gates opened, and Moreau appeared in presence of the crowd. He seemed to walk very steadily, with head erect, and with unflinching steps. His extraordinary paleness was much remarked. When he reached the guillotine, he looked round at the crowd and exclaimed: "Messieurs, I die innocent." These words were distinctly heard all over the Place de la Roquette. The next moment M. Roch seized Moreau, pushed him forward on the plank, the knife fell, and all was over. The moment Moreau's head and body had fallen into the basket of sawdust prepared for them, M. Roch's assistants set to work to wash the guillotine of the blood with which it was stained, in order that the next sufferer might not see that an execution had taken place. Whilst Moreau was being led to death, Boudas was being prepared for execution. When his cell was entered by M. Claude and his executioners, he was found wide-awake, talking eagerly with the wardens, "as he had been awoken by the noise in Moreau's cell, and was in a state of the most intense anxiety, still hoping, apparently, to be reprieved. On being told that he was to die, he replied, 'here I am; I am ready.' He then protested his innocence, and declared that his execution was a crime

against justice. He walked quietly, but hardly as steadily as Moreau, though without support to the guillotine. There he kissed the accompanying priest, and handed himself over to the executioner without uttering a word. Whether M. Roch's nerves had been affected by the previous execution I do not know, but he certainly was by no means adroit in placing the unfortunate Boudas on the fatal plank, as he had to re-adjust him during a space of several seconds, which seemed horribly long to the bystanders. At last the knife fell, and the second criminal's head dropped into the basket. There was only ten minutes interval between the executions.

A Remarkable Masonic Incident.

The first masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the Bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that on the body of the deceased was found the silver mark of a mason upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the history of the traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entire apprenticeship. There was the Holy Bible, square and compass, the 24 inch gauge and common gavel. There was the mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's temple, the indented tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the center. On his right arm and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems of the fellowship degree, viz: the square, the level, and the plumb. There were also the five columns representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On other parts of his body were the bee-hive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-Seeing Eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars and comets; the three steps which are emblematical of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions. In her right hand she held the pot of incense—the masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her left hand a sprig of acacia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul.

Immediately beneath her stood Time, with his syche by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated figure of the Destroyer was placed amid the long and flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were striking emblems of mortality and immortality blended in one pictorial representation.

It was a spectacle such as masons never saw before, and in all probability such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.—Philadelphia Age.

Diamonds.

A clever writer in the Boston Commercial Bulletin tells some curious stories of the ways of the smugglers of the present day—ways that are sometimes in vain, but at others are past finding out by the acutest collector. Diamonds are known to be smuggled in large quantities, and the detectives are always on the lookout for them. When suspicion justifies it, a passenger from Europe is stripped to the skin, and his clothes examined inch by inch and seam by seam; the heels are taken from his boots, his hair and beard are combed, and every means taken to discover the hiding place of the secreted treasures. At one time this mode of search was tolerably successful, but now it rarely serves any purpose except in the case of raw recruits to the smuggling ranks. An old bird is caught with the chaff but once. A New York Jew, known to be a smuggler, crossed in a Cunard steamer two or three times a year. The first time he was caught he returned to Liverpool by the same steamer, and four weeks afterwards again landed upon the company's wharf on North River. He was again seized and subjected to the same rigorous search, but with no success. The Jew took it smilingly and philosophically. When he took his leave he said, "better luck next time, gentlemen. I shall go back by the same steamer on business; when I return you can try it again."

The officers mentally determined if he did they would try it again. Upon inquiry it was found that he really had engaged a return passage, having held his state room for that purpose. Two hours before the sailing of the steamer he was driven down to the pier, his wife and daughter with him to see him off. When they returned they carried with them over \$10,000 worth of diamonds, which had laid secreted in his state room during the whole time the steamer had re-

mained in port. Before his return to New York, the collector was notified by one of the revenue agents abroad that "Max Fischer would return by the— which would leave October 25th, with several thousand dollars worth of diamonds." In due time the Jew arrived, and for the third time was escorted before the searcher. He seemed nervous and agitated, and finally attempted to compromise. He was politely informed that was out of the question. He was again put through the searching process. His pocket book, which was first investigated, revealed a memorandum showing the purchase of eighteen diamonds of various sizes and prices, the amount of all being \$12,000. When this came to light, the Jew begged with tears in his eyes to be allowed to compromise. A deaf ear was turned to his entreaties. His coat was removed, and the lining was examined. Then the waistcoat. As the searcher passed his practiced fingers along the lining his heart gave a tremendous thump as he recognized the "feel" of something pebbly, like little rows of buttons. The garment was hastily ripped, a strip of chamois skin withdrawn and unrolled, and there they lay, one, two, three—eighteen! All there.

You can put on your coat, and waistcoat, again, Mr. Fischer," said the searcher blandly. "Good day."

Without a word the Jew departed, took a horse-car home, kissed his family, ate a rousing dinner, repaired to the bathroom, and after soaking a rather capacious plaster across the small of his back for a few minutes in warm water, peeled it off, and with it eighteen diamonds, of various costs and prices. What the searcher and collector may have said when they found their seizure to be nothing but clever glass imitations, worth from ten to thirty cents each nobody knows.

Twelve counties in Kansas, containing twenty thousand people, are wholly destitute. The Secretary of War sends relief through Gen. Ord. One hundred and fifty eight thousand acres planted to corn did not yield a bushel. The crops are also destroyed.

NEWSDEPOT.

JAS. TULLOCH, Prop.,
General Newsdealer, & Book Agent,
BISMARCK, D. T.

Being in direct communication with the principal Eastern News Co's, I am prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at lowest possible rates. Newspapers and periodicals furnished regularly to subscribers at the Military Posts. 1-471f

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RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO SIGHT
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WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
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Bus to Depot and Boats.
Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts morning from there, opposite the Bramble House.
Headquarters for Stage.
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Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country.
Stock sold on commission. 157

CAPITOL HOTEL,

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Opposite the N. P. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

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Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
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Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 25, 1874.

WAR DEPARTMENT.
Signal Service, U. S. A.

DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS, AND REPORTS FOR THE
BUREAU OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

State of the Weather.	Clear.	Thun. Storm.	Cloudy.	Light Snow.	Heavy Snow.	Fair.	Stormy.
Am't. of Rain.	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Am't. of Snow.	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Direction of Wind.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Wind.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Current.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Current.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Tide.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Tide.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Fog.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Fog.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Ice.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Ice.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Drift.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Drift.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Fog.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Fog.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Ice.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Ice.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Direction of Drift.	N	N	N	N	N	N	N
Force of Drift.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Highest temperature, 32°
Lowest temperature, -16°

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock, in the evening at half past seven. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock.

Thanksgiving services will be held at the Presbyterian Church on Thursday morning, the 26th inst., at 11 o'clock.

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the Pioneers will be held at the hall of the Patrons of Industry, this Wednesday night, at 7 o'clock. Sharp! By order of the President, GUS. GUELBERTH, Secretary.

Nobby Collins expects Hackett to secure him a legislative position. Hackett, Proctor and Nobby are still in St. Paul.

If you want a No. 1 article, of any kind, for feet wear, at low figures, call on Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

Col. Gray is in New York. He may ask the citizens to sign a petition in favor of the Northern Pacific instead of Sweet, before removing the Bismarck townsite.

Hand knit socks, a first class article, at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

The mail arrangements between Bismarck and Fort Buford will hereafter be more satisfactory to our readers: up river. The mail will leave here the day after the arrival of the eastern mail—probably Wednesday mornings.

Parties wishing a nice light boot for the Christmas and New Year's party, should leave their orders at once with Marshall & Campbell. Act on this hint and save disappointment, and choice epithets for the shoemaker. 19w 3

Some of our subscribers at Fort Rice claim that they do not get their papers. The fault lays at their own door. Our mailing machine cannot make a mistake, and the paper is published and mailed regular. If the postmaster there would deliver the papers to whom they are addressed there would be no trouble. Will he be kind enough to do it hereafter?

If you want a sock through which the cold cannot penetrate, ask for the genuine German sock, at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

Deputy Marshall Ederly did not succeed in capturing the murderers of Joe Putney. While he saw some of the Indians, they were their captives. He informs us that the Indian Agent declined to aid him, giving as an excuse that such an action would endanger the lives of the few whites remaining at the agency, though he would cheerfully aid in arresting a white man for a lesser crime.

A new stock of boot packs, fresh from the factory—worth one-half more for wear than a stock that has been kept over summer—call at Marshall & Campbell's. 19w 3

Dr. Porter has entered into partnership with Mr. Nicholson. The firm have leased the finest building in town and are now opening a very large stock of drugs, medicines, etc. Full particulars next week.

Mr. Dickey has shot his bear, that is, he got the great Montana bear killer to shoot it, while he took a safe position in the house and looked out of the window. The bear was well protected in the rear by Dick. The bear was very fat, and was a good specimen of the species.

Pioneer Hall.

The first anniversary of the Burleigh County Pioneer Association will be celebrated by a grand ball, given at the Capitol Hotel by its members. This association, during its brief existence, has contributed much in advertising abroad, Bismarck and vicinity. Besides issuing a pamphlet setting forth the many advantages of this New Northwest, they have had a corresponding secretary who has answered hundreds of letters of inquiry. Besides celebrating their anniversary they wish to replenish their treasury in order to square up some outstanding accounts and start in with a clean set of books. The character of the officers and committees is a guarantee that it will be a first class success, and should be generously supported by every one who has a dollar's interest in the prosperity of Bismarck.

A select hop at the Infantry Barracks, Ft. Lincoln, this evening.

It is rumored around town that Col. Wilson is liable to be arrested should he be found on the reservation. Eh, Col?

Next week we commence the serial, by Mrs. Linda W. Slaughter, entitled the "Amazonian Corps." The opening chapters are quite interesting.

At the St. Louis Liqueur Store you will find a genuine article of old Scotch whisky, by the bottle or gallon, also fine old J. Maica Rum, and Irish whisky, imported in glass.

Thanksgiving hop at the Capitol tomorrow evening. A select party and a good time. Marsh knows how to please the public, and is willing to do it.

A superior article of "Old Rye" whisky, is now on draught at the St. Louis Liqueur store. This is the first genuine "Old Rye" ever brought to Bismarck.

Col. Wilson ought to be happy. All his property brings him a good rental, and his stock is increasing. A litter of pigs last week.

A full line of imported and domestic wines, whiskies, brandies and ales are now on sale at the St. Louis Liqueur Store.

Company G, of Fort Rice, arrived at Fort Lincoln Monday evening. Some of the boys were frost-bitten a little. It was a little cold and disagreeable that day.

Forty thousand cigars in stock at the St. Louis Liqueur Store. The stock comprises all the favorite brands, and is selected for this market. Retailers should take notice.

That select party at the Capitol last week was a very pleasant affair. All speak well of everything in connection with it but the music, and that was pronounced a bore.

The Eureka Minstrels will give an entertainment about Dec. 5, at Fort Lincoln. Their rehearsals are well attended and highly spoken of. We will try and be there.

Company D, 17th Infantry, returned to Camp Hancock yesterday from Standing Rock, where they have been for a short time on detailed duty. The boys were glad to get back to winter quarters.

"Stumpson's bride," is what they call it, and it stands in his front window. It attracts considerable attention, and well it may, for it is a beauty.

Commissioner Sergeant Brown, of Ft. Lincoln, undertook to cross the river last Sunday, by a route of his own selection, and nearly lost his life in consequence. The ice proved too thin, and he received a cold bath quite unexpectedly. He travels the old road now.

Gov. Tilden's Victim.

One of the weightiest reasons offered by Mr. Tilden's friends in favor of his election was the assertion that he was the bold champion of virtue who brought down the Tweed Ring and consigned the convicted Boss to a cell in the Penitentiary. It would be needless now, though very easy, to refute the claim of the next Governor to this high credit; but it may be worth while, now that Mr. Tilden is soon to wield the pardoning power, to refer to Mr. Tweed, and the terrible prison life to which Mr. Tilden sent him. Commissioner Laimbeer, as long ago as April, exposed the fact that Tweed was no more a prisoner than was any keeper or doorman on the island. There was a breeze in the Board of Charities and Correction about the matter, and Commissioner Stearns was generally supposed to be favoring Tweed in defiance of the terms of his sentence and the prison regulations. For a time, we are told, Mr. Tweed wore the regulation clothes, and was supposed to be on the same platform with common rogues. It was not so, it never has been, and no length of time. Visitors were kept away from the House, except such as he graciously condescended to receive. He is not lodged in a seven-by-three-foot cell, with a canvas bed, a single blanket and alop-bucket; but he sports his long hair and his riant beard, he wears as fine clothes

as one would wish to on Broadway.

and occupies a room far away from the cells of little rascals. This room is twenty feet by twelve, and twelve feet high, furnished with a double bed, shut in by curtains, a bureau, washstand, and two writing desks, one for His Honor's private secretary, besides chairs, books and other comforts. Here the retired statesman suffers for his thefts. Where weary with penance, he takes a walk along an avenue shaded by trees that shut his form away from vulgar and impertinent eyes, and calls at the house of his friend, the Warden. At this spacious mansion he takes his meals privately, as every other gentleman of fastidious taste and modern habits might do. His dining-room is the large chamber where the Ten Governors once held their feasts when any notable guest was shown through the institution. Mr. Tweed's table is bountifully furnished (from private means we presume, i. e., our taxpayer's stolen money), and he eats and drinks his turtle soup and champagne as regularly as he does not do the "hard labor" to which he was sentenced.

We heard several men on election night say that Tweed was in the city, or had been a day or two before, and they were fully certain that as soon as Dix was out of office the Boss would be free.

We have no desire to persecute Mr. Tweed; but we do protest against his audacious disregard of the law by his keepers. We do not doubt that if he were pardoned to-day, and nominated for any office in the city, he would poll seven-eighths of the regular Tammany vote. He was defiantly re-elected to the State Senate long after his thefts were exposed, and there has nothing since occurred in the history or moral of his party to lead us to believe that the trifling matter of being convicted of felony would deter the rank and file of his old admirers from voting for him. Indeed, there are thousands of that particular class of electors who plainly declared that the Boss is wickedly persecuted by Old Havemeyer, or somebody else, and only lack opportunity to further serve their unfortunate leader.—N. Y. Republic.

Notice to Horse Thieves.

Post Rice, D. T., November 19, 1874.
To the Editor of the Bismarck Tribune: Sir:—On the evening of the 18th inst., between the hours of 10 and 11 p. m., two horse thieves known as Thomas Reed and Alonzo Putnam Hart, were discovered by Sergeant C. W. White, of Company "M," 7th Cavalry, in charge of the herd, near Ft. Rice, in the act of stealing mules. He immediately ordered his men to get up and arm themselves, it being his "hour of watch," which order was promptly obeyed. He went with two of his men to surprise them, and at the same time he challenged them, according to the custom of the service. They then gave him "leg ball" and ran through the bush, when he commanded them to halt, three times, and then he and his men fired at them. Deeming it necessary to mount and pursue them, Sergeant White divided his party into two detachments, one proceeding toward Bismarck, and the other towards Ft. Rice. They had not proceeded far before the "trail" was discovered, and it was kept in sight for about half a mile, when the thieves were running over the bluff. They were called upon to halt, and as they did not obey, Private Russell was ordered to send a "headen messenger" after them, which quickly brought them to a stand-still. They pleaded for mercy, and promised not to run away. Sergeant White then took them to Ft. Rice, and delivered them over to the proper military authorities at that post.

I hereby give notice to all "thieves" around the vicinity of Bismarck, that if they ever pay another visit to the herd, that instead of walking over to the Post, they will have to be carried over for the purpose of having a post-mortem examination held over them, and I also wish to inform them that I am not for "sle."

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife, Mrs. Etta Proctor, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and harboring or harboring or harboring or harboring her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting. J. W. PROCTOR.
Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 24, 1874.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to buy or discount a note of (\$700) seven hundred dollars, executed by me, and payable to James Nieland, or order.

Attention Horsemen!

All those who have horses afflicted with any kind of disease, call on

W. P. McElroy,

PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON, of 15 years standing, who has permanently located at Bismarck, and who will treat all diseases which the horse is subject to.

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at Public Auction on Tuesday, the 26th day of December, 1874, at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, 1093 PAIRS (more or less) ARMY BOOTS, ES. PEGGED.

JAS. W. RAYMOND.

J. W. Raymond & Co.,
Bargains in Dry Goods.
BARGAINS IN NOTIONS.
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN GROCERIES!
BARGAINS IN COAL OIL!
BARGAINS IN OVERCOATS!
BARGAINS IN CANNED GOODS.
Bargains for the Ladies!
Bargains in Everything.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO'S.

STOVES! STOVES!

CHARTER OAK MATCHLESS.

COOKING STOVES.

EXCELSIOR BOX STOVES.

Celebrated EVENING STAR Parlor Stove.

We have in transit, and to arrive in a few days, a fine lot of the above far famed Stoves, direct from the manufacturers at St. Louis.

Now is the time to leave your orders for Stoves, Piping, &c.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.

JOHN MASON

Billiard Hall

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION,

CHOICE WINES,

LIQUORS.

CIGARS and TOBACCO.

Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Bismarck, D. T. and Moorhead, Minn.

PROF. COMERS

EMPIRE SHAVING

AND BATHING ROOMS!

Third St. between Main and Wells Sts., Bismarck, Hot and Cold Baths at all hours, Special attention given to Bathing.

SEWING MACHINES.

Parties wishing a Sewing Machine will find it to their advantage to call on J. W. FISHER, at the U. S. Express Office, Bismarck, D. T., who keeps all ways on hand, machines, needles, castors, and sewing Machine attachments of all kinds.

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